

Zion's Herald

VOLUME LXII.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1885.

NUMBER 51.

Zion's Herald.

PUBLISHED BY THE
Boston Wesleyan Association,
86 Bromfield Street, Boston.

BRADFORD K. PRICE, Editor.

ALONZO S. WEED, Publisher.

All stationed preachers in the Methodist
Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their
locality.Price to all ministers, \$1.50 per year. All
other subscribers, \$1.50 per year.

Specimen Copies Free.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

"Unto Us a Child is Born."

BY MARK TRAYTON.

Behold! a Child is born to-night
In Bethlehem on Judah's hills;
The stars are out, the skies are bright,
So softly Hermon's dewy dews;
What this new birth which angels thrill!

Only a Child!

On heaven's bright choir a silence fell,
And earthward turn their anxious eyes;
The starled shepherds hear them tell
A birth that fills them with surprise;
What fled they? In the manger lies

Only a Child!

Strange-costumed travelers appear,
Bear rich gifts of pearls and gold;
"We seek the King," they say; "for here
The star His coming now hath told."
And lo! behind the curtain fold

Only a Child!

Tread carefully, ye crowds! Lo! there
He sleeps whose call a world shall wake;

Her first-born at this midnight hour,

In tents of toil, or halls of ease,

With dreams of want, or wealth and power,

What see we in this herdsman's tower?

Only a Child!

No waiting throne, no high estate
Await him as He humbly comes;

No ringing clarions crowd the gate,

No blaring trumpets, rolling drums;

His lowly birth earth's glory shuns;

Only a Child!

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Miscellaneous.

THE NEW YORK MISSIONERS AND THEIR WORK.

BY M. E. WINSLOW.

The long-expected "Advent Mission" has come to a close, at least in most of the twenty-one churches taking part therein. Ten days was the originally assigned limit, but so great was the success, so large the congregations, so deep, apparently, the spiritual interest, that in three or four of them were continued during two weeks, and at St. George's they are, at this writing, still in session, with the crowds and interest still unabated.

The services have differed in the different churches according to the different views of the missionaries and of the congregations to which they ministered. All alike, however, united in pressing a present salvation through a living Christ.

CHURCH OF THE HEAVENLY REST.

Rev. Francis Piquou, D. D., vicar of Halifax, England, and chaplain-in-ordinary to the Queen, had sole charge of the services held in the Church of the Heavenly Rest, whose rector, Rev. D. Parker Morgan, specially invited him to come to America for this purpose. Mr. Piquou "believes in one and the same man conducting the mission throughout"; he even provided the hymn-book used, and presided at the small organ during the week-day services. He delivered an address at the early communion services every morning, a Bible reading at eleven, and preached at "the mission service" every night, besides delivering special addresses to the young on one Sunday afternoon, and to men only on the other. After the night services he conducted an "after-meeting," devoted to inquirers, and after the morning and noon meetings special ones for "intercessory prayer" at which the leader said a few words concerning prayer, its conditions, etc., after which the rector read sometimes as many as fifty written requests, and then kneeling with them in his hand, offered them up in an impassioned prayer. Mr. Piquou's own manner is entirely unimpassioned, being rather that of a scholar bent upon convincing his hearers concerning what to him was the most important subject in the world. His daily Bible-readings were on the 1st Epistles of John, the one to which your correspondent listened being on the verification faculty, the necessity of convictions of truth rather than opinions, and the testimony to truth borne by Christian lives. Mr. Piquou has spent a large portion of his life in Paris, where he has on many occasions received great kindnesses from Americans, which he is glad to return in this way. Among the requests offered for prayer at this church—one of the most fashionable in the city—it was significant to note the great preponderance for those addicted to habits of intemperance.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY COMMUNION.

At the Church of the Holy Communion, known as Dr. Muhlenberg's, corner 20th St. and 6th Ave., Rev. Dr. Courtney, of Boston, has been indefatigable. His mission lasted ten days, and during that time Dr. Courtney delivered six addresses every day. There was an early communion service at 7, morning prayers at 9:30, a Bible reading at 12, special address at 4, evening prayer at 5, and the mission service at 8. Between all these and after the last, the missioner was in the vestry room engaged in personal conversation with those desiring it. The 4 o'clock addresses were directed to special classes of hearers, Sunday-school teachers, old people, mothers, young people, and men. Dr. Courtney's style of address is exceedingly simple and direct, but his personality needs no introduction to Boston readers.

CALVARY CHURCH.

The services at Calvary Church, corner of 4th Avenue and 21st St., under the care of two of our own missionary bishops—Tuttle of Utah, and Elliott of Western Texas—seemed less startling in their nature than those conducted by the English visitors. They consisted on week days of an early communion at 8; morning prayer at 9; a devotional service with instruction on duties of the Christian life at 11; special addresses at 3:30; and mission service at 8, preceded by a short meeting for intercessory prayer in the Sunday-school room. The afternoon addresses were to women, parents, children, employers, employees, and communicants. The church was open for prayer all day, the two bishops being ready each afternoon for private conversations. The special services closed on Monday night, Dec. 7, and were crowded to the last. On Sunday afternoon no one but children were admitted, and there was scarcely standing room. On the whole, however, the spirit of earnestness did not seem to settle down upon the congregation as in most of the other places.

ZION AND INCARNATION CHURCHES.

Zion Church and the Church of the Incarnation, being in close contiguity, have united in these mission services. The "missioners," R. V. R. B. Ransford, of London, England, and Rev. Harvey Carmichael, of Hamilton, Canada, have preached either alternately or at the same time in both churches, where they have been ably supported by the two rectors, Revs. C. C. Tiffany and Arthur Brooks. There were early communion services at eight in Zion Church, with Bible readings at eleven, and special addresses to children, mothers, young people, women, domestic servants, and men. These afternoon meetings were very well attended, the audiences being largely composed of men.

The mission service at night at the Church of the Incarnation was also very well attended. The preaching was fair, but not up to the level of some of the other missions. Mr. Ransford had a

farewell reception on Friday night, and sailed for England on Saturday. He is a short, thick-set, typical Englishman, and dwelt largely upon the "things which accompany salvation"—the text of his farewell discourse—saying that while the life and death of Christ is the "old, old story," it is an older story still to be good. The last Sunday night meeting was attended by more than three hundred men and boys, the text being the seventh commandment, and the sins of profanity, drunkenness and blasphemy were all dwelt upon.

ST. MARK'S CHAPEL.

The Children's Mission at St. Mark's Chapel, Tompkins Square, on the east side of the city, is said to have more nearly realized the hopes of those concerned in the movement than any of the others. This chapel, built with special reference to the accommodation of the young, from the first night been packed to its utmost capacity (1,400), and every night crowds have gone away or filled the several overflow meetings, conducted by Rev. Wm. H. Newton, son of the missionary, and others. The chapel stands in the most densely crowded part of the city, its minister, Rev. J. E. Johnson, being best known by the meetings which he has held in theatres and similar places at Philadelphia and elsewhere. Rev. Dr. Richard Newton, the "missioner" known everywhere as the children's preacher, and for many years editor of the *Sunday School World*, is almost eighty years old, but is as ruddy and vigorous as ever. He has published innumerable volumes of sermons for children, which have been translated into as many as thirty different languages. He wore a black velvet skull-cap surmounting his long white silvery hair, and the dense crowds of children, Irish, German and American, pressed upon him, filling chancel, steps and railing, and scarcely giving him a chance to move. Of course multitudes of parents, the tenement-house population, have accompanied their children, and the mission will, no doubt, make a lasting impression upon the neighborhood.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY.

The mission at the Church of the Holy Trinity, formerly under the charge of Stephen H. Tyng, now under that of Rev. Wilbur F. Watkins, has been conducted by Rev. E. Walpole Warren, M. A., vicar of Holy Trinity, Lambeth Eng. Mr. Warren is a middle-aged, elderly man with a florid English complexion, better adapted, he says himself, to preach to the lower classes than to the higher, but for all that a keen, clear thinker, able to bring the truth to bear directly upon the individual conscience. He says that the jewels in his crown will be a "queer lot"—drunkards, thieves, harlots, gathered from the lowest slums of great cities; men and women who, even to himself, seemed beyond the possibilities of divine salvation. There are only three services a day here, at 8, 11 and 8. This latter, the mission service, has been so well attended, so many have remained for the "after-meeting" and personal religious conversation, that the services have been extended beyond the ten days originally contemplated till the 15th. The morning addresses (or "instruction") are mainly for ladies, who compose the somewhat slim congregations. The first week they were founded upon the history of Jehu, taken as a type of Christian life; the second to the consecrated life. These addresses—such as were heard by the writer—were uncompromising expositions of practical duty. Mr. Warren's Saturday night sermon to men was called "The Devil's Saturday night," and was a striking presentation of the perils of this night of temptation to working-men.

HOLY TRINITY, HARLEM.

Rev. F. H. Du Vernet, of Ontario, Canada, conducted the services at the Church of the Holy Trinity, Harlem. The mission is said to have been fully as successful as it was expected and hoped to be. At all the services, morning, afternoon and evening, there was a large attendance. On the second Sunday Dr. Du Vernet preached on repentance and faith, and 320 persons partook of the communion. A daily service for children was conducted by Miss Sybil Carter, of England. This mission closed two weeks.

Bishop Potter himself was present at a good many of the services at St. Philip's (the colored church), walking up and down the aisle while preaching, and denouncing the formalism which brings most people to church. Mr. Thompson, of Ontario, Canada, continued his preaching at the Church of the Apostles on the west side of the city for two weeks.

ST. GEORGE'S.

While all the missions have been, in their way, successes, and all the preachers thoroughly in earnest, orthodox and direct in their teachings and far above the average in power; and while, everywhere, great numbers have participated in the services and been confessedly benefited thereby, the centre of the movement has throughout been St. George's and Rev. W. Hay Aitkin with his staff.

From the very opening, the church has been packed at every Sunday and night service, and the second Sunday a large "overflow meeting" more than filled the chapel, while the body of the church was packed at the "after-meeting," and several hundreds remained for personal conversation till a late hour.

Mr. Aitkin has held a morning service for Christians, at which the topics were varied and practical, and the body of the church well filled with ladies and women of all grades. Men, however, were not excluded, as were their sisters from the noon-day Trinity Church addresses, as your correspondent can testify. Every afternoon Rev. Mr. Stephens has gathered four or five hundred children in the church and preached to the little ones a present salvation and a personal Saviour. At the same hour Mrs. Crouch held a woman's meeting in

the chapel. There have been, perhaps, a couple of hundred of these present every day, and many of them testify that although church members, Sunday-school teachers, and so-called Christian workers for years, they never before experienced the power of true religion in their own hearts. Multitudes of others have entered into the rest of those who, having taken Christ for all He offers to be, now know Him as a keeping as well as a forgiving Saviour. Mrs. Crouch dwells strongly on this latter point. She is a stout, quiet-faced English woman, whose plainness of dress reminds one of the early days of Methodism. Her voice is clear and loud, and her manner has considerable sweetness but much monotony. During these meetings, and, indeed, all the other spare time, Mr. Aitkin and the whole staff of ministers connected with St. George's have been engaged in personal conversations and in attempts to lead individuals into the way of peace.

TRINITY CHURCH.

But it is the noon-day meetings at Trinity which have electrified New York. Mr. Aitkin has captured Wall Street for the present at least, and every day except Sunday over a thousand men and boys have gathered, crowding every inch of standing room and listening to the meetings which he has held in theatres and similar places at Philadelphia and elsewhere. Rev. Dr. Richard Newton, the "missioner" known everywhere as the children's preacher, and for many years editor of the *Sunday School World*, is almost eighty years old, but is as ruddy and vigorous as ever. He has published innumerable volumes of sermons for children, which have been translated into as many as thirty different languages. He wore a black velvet skull-cap surmounting his long white silvery hair, and the dense crowds of children, Irish, German and American, pressed upon him, filling chancel, steps and railing, and scarcely giving him a chance to move. Of course multitudes of parents, the tenement-house population, have accompanied their children, and the mission will, no doubt, make a lasting impression upon the neighborhood.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

Both Houses of Congress met on this day week (Dec. 7), when the 49th Congress was organized. During the week but little was done, except to appoint officers. Senator Logan and Mr. Randall are here with all their prospective strength. It is likely that little will be done before the new year. This is usually the case, and of the fifty or sixty thousand convened because of Congress, many will go home at Christmas. The social season will not properly begin till early in January.

It is remarkable that both our chaplains to Congress are Methodists and members of Methodist Episcopal Conferences. Rev. Dr. Huntley is again chaplain to the Senate, and there was very little effort made to take his place. He is to be congratulated upon entering his second term of office. The chaplain of the House for the past two years was Rev. Dr. Lindsey, of St. John's Episcopal Church, Georgetown. He was a candidate again for the chaplaincy, and a few others, but Rev. W. H. Mulbarn, D. D., the blind preacher, was chosen to the office. Dr. Mulbarn, needs no introduction to New England readers, nor does he to the Old England people. He is a native of Philadelphia, and was sixty-two years old last September. When fourteen years old, his family moved to the State of Illinois, and at Jacksonville he studied as best he could with only a little light in one eye. When only twenty years old he joined the Illinois Conference, and after a few years moved to Alabama Conference and was pastor there for six years. Afterwards he was a member of New York East Conference, and for a short time in the Episcopal Church, but in 1871 he again united with the Illinois Conference, of which he is a member to-day. Four times he visited England, lecturing and preaching over six hundred times, and traveling over thirty thousand miles. He has a number of lectures on these travels, and the sights that a blind man saw in foreign lands. Three times has he been elected chaplain to Congress: first, when only twenty-two years old in 1845; the second time in 1853; and last week again. His first visit to England was in 1857, in company with Bishop Simpson and Dr. McClinton. He has preached twice each Sunday since his arrival here, and also delivered a number of lectures. He is a remarkable man, familiar with all subjects and questions of the day. His memory is wonderful, and what he hears read he can repeat. It seems to us his mind is as vigorous as ever, and his language and eloquence show no abatement. The daily papers report his prayers before the members of Congress, and call them "most eloquent prayers."

Every contrast between this blind and afflicted man, and another who spoke here last night! Dr. Milburn's sermons and lectures are all of an ennobling kind, calculated to make men better. But Robert J. Ingerson's lecture last night at the National Theatre on "Myths and Miracles," was only a rehash of the "Mistakes of Moses," full of irreverence and blasphemy, and an effort to make religion ridiculous. But he is a success as a religious clown, and it is money that he works for, both in the practice of law and his blasphemous attacks on religion; and yet while Ingerson can draw an audience, he has for years been "socially" let alone here, as he was in Illinois. He has sold his house here, and now experiments with New York as a home. Almost a year ago he was to have lectured in the National Theatre, but it was in ashes before the time. Now the theatre is again rebuilt a fourth time, and has its billiards and bar-rooms.

We could only collect and condense news, there is much here at present. The city has on her gay attire once more. And yet upon the government buildings there are the tokens of grief

and mourning for Vice President Hendricks. In the midst of sudden grief Thanksgiving Day was observed. The Methodist churches united in groups to hold suitable services. Other denominations did the same. At the new Central Presbyterian Church services were held, at which the President was present. That church was dedicated since we last wrote, and is a fine representative of the Southern Presbyterian Church.

The seventh annual Sunday-school Institute of the District was held over a week ago in the Congregational Church. It was in charge of Rev. J. L. Hurbut; the admission was by tickets, and continued several days. The meetings were many and interesting. The Jubilee Singers from Nashville, Tenn., gave us two nights of song, which were enjoyed by full houses, and Mr. Burdette gave a lecture for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A.

It is but little over two months until the Baltimore Conference meets in this city. From all that we see and hear, there is likely to be a report of much prosperity. All over the bounds of the Conference churches have been erected, others renovated, and revivals of much power enjoyed. The chapel of the New City Station in Baltimore was dedicated a week ago. Bishop Andrews and Dr. J. M. King, of New York, preached the sermons of the occasion. The church is a large and costly one, and will soon be completed. It is to be well known to all the world.

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The Sunday School.

FIRST QUARTER. LESSON 1.

Sunday, January 3.

2 Kings 22: 1-13.

BY REV. W. O. HOLWAY, U. S. N.

JOSEPH AND THE BOOK OF THE LAW.

I. Preliminary.

1. GOLDEN TEXT: "He did that which was right in the sight of the Lord" (2 Kings 22: 2).

2. DATE: About B. C. 641-622.

3. PLACE: Jerusalem.

4. PARABLE PASSAGE: 2 Chron. 34: 1-22.

5. CONTEMPORARIES: Assyrian Kings—Sardanapalus and Sennacherib; Babylonian—Nabopolassar; Median—Cyaxares; Roman—the Tigranes; Prophets—Jeremiah, Zephaniah, Habakkuk, and Hulda.

Dr. Cowles thinks that the fourth book of the Psalter (Psa. 90-100) was compiled, if not composed, at this period, and that "an inside view of the spirit and times of Josiah" may be obtained from these sacred hymns. "Psalms 101 well expresses the noble spirit of youthful piety and holy purpose which the history clearly assures in the young king Josiah."

II. Introductory.

It was a young head to wear a crown—a child of but eight years, undeveloped in mind and character, and with scarce wisdom to care for himself; much less a great people.

The lament of Solomon over the nation whose king was a child never appeared more applicable than when Josiah, the sixteenth of the line, the son of wicked Amon, mounted the throne.

And yet, his first deliberate act of choice, when he was sixteen years old, was to serve the God of his fathers.

Rarely do we find a determination of this kind beset with greater difficulties. There was scarcely any religious teaching; the Book of the Law had disappeared; debasing idolatries had become common by their frequency and established by a long succession of observances. In the deep spiritual darkness even such minds as Habakkuk and Zephaniah were wrapped in hopeless perplexity. And yet the young king resists the downward current of his age and the temptations to illicit pleasure, and with the mere taper lights of conscience and tradition begins to seek after the God of his father David. From this time onward he did "what was right in the eyes of the Lord, and walked in the way of David his father, and turned not to the right hand nor to the left."

His piety soon bore fruit. In the twelfth year of his reign, at the age of twenty, he entered upon his crusade against idolatry—the most uncompromising crusade against the gods of P. wulca and Moab and Ammon that Judah had known. No master now venerable or sacred the monument, if it had been used for other worship than that of Jehovah, it was ruthlessly destroyed. But while the idol fane were falling, the temple was rising out of its ruins. Under the direction of Hilkiah, the high priest, artisans were busy in the work of restoration. Collections of money had been made for this purpose in various parts of the kingdom, and it was on the occasion of the king sending Shaphan to the house of the Lord with orders to the high priest to count and disburse this money, that Hilkiah communicated to the scribe his important discovery. He had found the temple copy of the Book of the Law. Shaphan quickly unrolled the parchment, saw at a glance what a treasure had come to light, and carried it to the king. Presumably Josiah's first feeling was one of veneration mingled with great joy and curiosity. No relic of the past, not even the sacred ark, which he had caused to be replaced in the Holy of Holies, could compare with this record of God's will and purpose. Through all his youth and early manhood, while feeling his way painfully towards the truth, he must have longed for an authoritative revelation. Possibly his impassioned prayer, like Luther's, may have been, "Oh, my God, punish far rather with pestilence, with all the terrible sicknesses of earth, with war, with anything rather than that Thou be silent to us!" And though his desire had been met in a way entirely unexpected. He was not content with the roll that had been found. He did not seal it back to Hilkiah with directions to restore it to its honored place in the temple. It was too precious to be parted with. Every column, every line was to be searched, to know "what God the Lord had spoken."

On what passage the eye of Shaphan first fell as he unrolled the parchment at the king's direction, we know not; but if we may judge from the effect of the reading, it may have been those terrible sentences of condemnation in the 23d chapter of Deuteronomy, beginning at the 15th verse—the very reverberations of Sinai against the persistently disobedient and those who wilfully seek after other gods. As the awful words fell on the king's ear, and the conviction dawned upon him that the people over whom he ruled had for long years been guilty of the offenses therein named, and were exposed to the fury of the divine judgments, his emotion was great. In his alarm and sorrow he rends his clothes, and sends an embassy in haste to find a prophet who might "inquire of the Lord."

III. Exposition.

1. Unexpected Pity (1, 2).

Josiah—the sixteenth king of Judah; the grandson of Manasseh, the son of Amon. His father, one of the most infamous of Jewish kings, was murdered by his servants in the second year of his reign; the people slew the conspirators in turn, and placed Josiah on the throne. Eight years old—too young to personally administer the government. In the council of regency there must have been some noble spirits; or else the after life and piety of Josiah would be scarcely explicable. Reigned thirty and one years—from B. C. 641 to 60. His mother's name was Jedidah. Nothing is known of him much as is known of her. Bozeth—R. V., "Bozeth," mentioned among the towns of Judah, in Josh. 15: 39.

This prince was the best and most beloved of the kings who had sat upon this throne since David, and was approached by none in his zeal against idolatry and in his devotedness to the Lord (Kitto).

ZION'S HERALD, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1885.

12. The king commanded Hilkiah, etc.—The high priest was put at the head of a committee of high officials to inquire of a prophet concerning the will of the Lord in this great emergency.

Among the names of those who were sent on this urgent quest is that of Alkam, the son of Shaphan. He is again referred to in Jer. 26: 4. Prof. Plumptre thinks that he must have exercised great authority during the youth of Josiah. "He must have been to him what Jehoahada was to Josiah; what Crammer was to Edward VI; must have done much to foster the zeal and devotion for which he was afterwards conspicuous."

13. Go, inquire of the Lord for me, etc.—Says Jamison: "To enquire of the Lord" through the appointed methods, by Urim and Thummim or from the prophets, was a phraseology as common amongst the Jews as to consult a physician or lawyer among us. Innumerable instances occur in the Old Testament. The agitated feelings of the king prompted him to ask immediate counsel how to avert those curses under which his kingdom lay." Great is the wrath of the Lord that is kindled against us.—No signs of wrath were apparent, and for several years Josiah had been carrying on a radical work of reformation; yet the conviction was deep in the king's mind, that the guilt of the nation had reached such a pitch as to expose it to just and severe punishment.

Whether it was that Jeremiah and Zephaniah were absent from the city, or were too young to be considered, or because the aged Hilkiah had gained a high estimation for his prophetic powers, etc. The Sibyl, the prophetess, with her husband, the priest of the temple, the prophet Huldah, etc. It was the prophet Huldah who uttered the curse that it was to her people in the substance of the city, that the cubits of the land, etc. Huldah, while containing a message of comfort for the king personally, confirmed his worst fears for the fate of his kingdom. The corruption was too deeply seated to be eradicated even by the zeal of a Josiah. "Psalm 101 is written," says Dr. Smith, "that the king himself is the prime mover in every act of reformation."

2. An Unexpected Discovery (3-13).

3. In the eighteenth year of king Josiah.—Six years before, according to the parallel account in 2 Chronicles (chap. 34), Josiah had entered upon his crusade against idolatry. He proved a zealous reformer. Such an unspared demolition of idol shrines, such a radical excision of every branch and root of idolatrous observance, had never before been seen in the land. Solomon's famous sanctuaries, which had stood for 350 years on the Mount of Olives, perished in the common destruction. Tophet, in the Vale of Hinnom, the seat of Moloch worship, the proud temples of the sun-god Baal, the houses devoted to the orgies of Asaneth, the brazen altars erected by Ahaz and Manasseh, all fell beneath the iconoclastic zeal of the reformer-king. Even the sepulchres of the dead priests were rifled, and their bones heaped up on the altar sites, to complete the work of desecration. The chronology of the events of Josiah's reign is still unsettled, but it is probable that early in this work of destruction repairs on the temple were begun. Sent Shaphan, etc., to the scribe to the house of the Lord, — says Kell: "Beside Shaphan, the king sent also, according to 2 Chron. 34: 5, Masseiah, the governor of the city, and Joab, the chancellor, because the repair of the temple was no mere private concern of the king and priests, but an affair of the whole kingdom, and especially of the capital." Go up to Hilkiah . . . that he may sum the silver (R. V., "money")—Shaphan and his attendants were sent on a formal summons to the high priest, to bid him count the money collected for the restoration of the temple and pay it to the workmen. While attending to this duty he learned of an important discovery. Which the keepers of the door have gathered.—Collectors had been sent to different parts of the kingdom, and also to Israel. The contributions had been brought to the temple and put into the hands of the door-keepers. Deliver it to the doors of the work (R. V., "the workmen")—These were carpenters, builders and masons, as we learn in the 4th verse. No reckoning made—so great was the confidence felt in the faithfulness of the overseers—a striking contrast," says Dr. Smith, "to the checks found necessary in the days of Josiah."

He issued a commission to his chief officers to cooperate with the high priest Hilkiah in a thorough review of the temple. Money had been collected . . . The Ark, which appears to have been removed . . . Many years when it was set up a carved image in the Holy of Holies, was set up in verse 6. No reckoning made—so great was the confidence felt in the faithfulness of the overseers—a striking contrast," says Dr. Smith, "to the checks found necessary in the days of Josiah."

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Hilkiah thus describes his findings on his final discovery of the Sinaitic Codex in his final discovery of the Sinaitic Codex in January, 1819, in the cloister of St. Catherine on Mount Sinai. While partaking of some refreshment with the custodian of the cloister, in one of the cells, the latter "went to a corner of the room, took up a package wrapped in red cloth, and laid it on the table before me. I opened the cloth and saw to my utter astonishment the 8 and 18th chapters of the Pentateuch I had begged permission to carry in my pocket, — to the Ark of the Lord, and turned not aside to the right hand or to the left." The Ark was set by the will of the late papa, who intended it to convey to his son the Divine principles by which the future governor of England should in due time sit and reign on the throne of Great Britain (Thomas Hughes).

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3. The WAY TO READ THE BIBLE.

You put your Bible in your book-case. You stand it all the week perhaps. Or you read it once a day, or once a week, as the case may be. And you do it very depreciously. The room is still, and your children sit around the room in a stiff row. You put on your spectacles and read; and as you read, you lower the key of your voice—for when men want to be religious, they always take a solemn note, and you read all the way through the chapter, and are like a blind man walking along a road where there are all sorts of flowers on both sides, never seeing a single one. Men read to the Ark, — to the Ark of their family! Now, I tell you, the only Ark that you read in the Ark is the Ark which is in your soul, and when you cannot get out of it, you are in the Ark, luminous part, and not the dead letter that you read, if you read any part of the Bible (Selected).

4. Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

As a Brain Food.

Dr. S. F. NEWCOMER, Greenfield, O., says:

"In case of general debility, and torpor of mind and body, it does exceedingly well."

5. Settled Consumption Cured.

Several years ago a severe cold settled on my lungs. The most popular physician that ever practiced here attended me for a long time, but to no avail. He used to say that such a writing had come to him to the effect that he had to give up his practice and go to the Ark. He did not read it very depreciously. The room is still, and your children sit around the room in a stiff row. You put on your spectacles and read; and as you read, you lower the key of your voice—for when men want to be religious, they always take a solemn note, and you read all the way through the chapter, and are like a blind man walking along a road where there are all sorts of flowers on both sides, never seeing a single one. Men read to the Ark, — to the Ark of their family! Now, I tell you, the only Ark that you read in the Ark is the Ark which is in your soul, and when you cannot get out of it, you are in the Ark, luminous part, and not the dead letter that you read, if you read any part of the Bible (Selected).

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Zion's Herald.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 23, 1885.

**\$1,000,000
FOR MISSIONS
FOR THE YEAR 1885.**

When God created the first Adam, He created him a man. But when He sent the second Adam into the world, He committed him to a mother's arms. If there are some features of his advent not common to all babes, the supernatural runs into the natural in such a manner as to ally Jesus to all infants and Mary to all mothers forever; and the Christmas festival has special meaning for every woman whom God has clothed with the sacred investiture of motherhood.

When Mary became a mother, the singing angels serenaded the earth; brighter than the Aurora the light of their flashing wings; grander than any anthem ever heard from the lips of earthly choir the music of their song. Some shepherds out of doors are stricken down by that rush of light and melody. But there is no danger. It is not a bat the charge of one of the thundering legions, but an open-air concert by the musicians of the skies. They know all about the Babe; not only in what town, and when he is born, but what sort of a cradle he lies in, and how he is dressed. And was there not joy in Mary's heart when she was the blessed mother over whose Babe this heavenly enthusiasm broke out? The poet says, "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," and the Christian mother as she tips the cradle sings, "Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber, holy angels guard thy bed," because motherhood was transfigured at the manger of Bethlehem when light and song from heaven broke over the place.

Not miserably poor, but a mechanic's wife, with few wants and simple Eastern habits, she laid her Babe upon straw; but she was as contented, and Jesus was as great, as if he had a down bed and silk-lined coverings. Behind the bars of that manger slumbers a royalty which will crown itself with all the grandeur which was, or is, or is to be; and every poor mother and her child may claim a share of the wealth which this Son had with his Father before the world was. When a mother who cannot find lace and linen fine enough for her babe, envies the wealthier woman who puts her child into a richer crib or rolls him along the sidewalk in a daintier carriage, let her turn her thoughts to Bethlehem and envy not her richer neighbor, but the mother who wraps her Babe in swaddling-clothes and lays him in a manger.

The Madonna saw bearded sages on their knees before her child, worshipping not her, but Him, with the rare and fragrant gifts of the farther Orient, while as yet he knows not gold from straw, nor frankincense from clay. But when was a mother ever jealous of attention paid her child, or unwilling to believe that her son will be more renowned than she? The self-forgetfulness of motherhood says of every honor offered to its offspring, "Inasmuch as ye have done unto me, to him have done it unto me." Every American mother holds a possible president in her arms, but whether chairs of state await him or not, she does not honor her motherhood who does not believe with all her heart that he will honor it with the splendid decorations of a noble life. Mary recognized, with motherly solicitude, the immortal nature of her child, which is too often ignored by the mere animal maternity which spends itself in dressing and undressing, kissing and fondling the little body. When Jesus was a month old, she brought him to the temple to present him to the Lord. The babe that is but a pet or plaything in the hands of a youthful mother, is degraded from the place of a soul to that of a canary or a kitten. Every babe is a "holy thing." It is immortality begun in another being. Eternity has put forth another blossom. The motherhood whose eyes are open, sees God's image in the child and offers him back to God, and tells him of his holy Brother who has wreathed the cra-

die with the light of life. If the Jewish mother brought her babe to God with ceremony and sacrifice, why should not the Christian mother consecrate her with the sacrament of Christian baptism?

But there is a sword in motherhood, which the sickness or suffering of the babe may plunge into the mother's heart. Disease, poverty, hardship wait around the cradle, and, worst of all, the Herod of evil — the bad man which the good child may become. Probably Mary had no solicitude about the moral future of her Son. She feared only the sword of the assassin, and if so, the sword that will pierce some other mother's heart may be deadlier than that which entered hers; for although she saw her Son crucified, she never saw him degraded. She saw the life depart from him, but never truth and manliness. The perils of the child are not disease and death, but sin and infamy; and with more anxiety than Mary felt on account of the murderous myrmidons of Herod, should every mother have her eye on those who hang around the house, even if they do not come in at the door. But what can Herod do against watchful angels and praying mother? After weary years the Saviour has come to the world, but He is the most helpless of living creatures. If the point of Herod's sword but touch His side, the world is lost. An inch of cruel steel, and the Saviour dies. But at such supreme moments the hand of God always appears; and the Babe, whose cross is to be the pivot of the world's history, is hidden beneath the shadow of the Pyramids till they are dead which sought his life.

It was a mother's arm which saved the Saviour of the world. There was an angel in the affair! Yes, he warned the mother of danger, and angels are always doing that. Heaven is in league with all mothers. A faithful mother has some of the eagle as well as the dove. She can face the toll of flight into the Egypt of Christian nurture and restraint. The mother of one of the greatest of Americans wrote to him when he was ten years old: "I would rather see you laid in your grave than grow up a profane and graceless boy;" and in his ripe and honored old age, he said with glowing face, "All that is good in me I owe to my mother."

"She it is who stamps the coin Of character, and makes the being who would be a savage But for her gentle care, a Christian man."

Christianity owes veneration to Mary, the purest of women and most blessed of mothers. Because Catholics pay her divine honors, shall Protestants give her none? Why think and talk so much of John, Peter, Paul, and so little of the virgin mother? John embodies love; Peter, enthusiasm; Paul, will. Mary is the incarnation of womanly modesty and maternal dignity. If not queen of heaven, she is certainly queen of women. A share in the honors of Christmas is rightfully hers. She was not with her Son in the wilderness, in the garden, nor on the cross; but she is inseparable from his infancy. You cannot see the young child without Mary his mother, and this festival of the Incarnation is legitimately a festival of Motherhood as well.

THE HOUR TO EMPLOY EVERY AGENCY.

We have been pleased to notice the endeavor to give practical vitality to the temperance organization of the New England Conference. Its function seems to have been exhausted, heretofore, in an annual choice of officers, in supervising a Conference anniversary, and in giving birth to a short report and a series of resolutions. Now an earnest attempt is made to cover the State, as far as the jurisdiction of the Conference extends, with a network of temperance meetings, and to induce the pastors to volunteer their services in delivering lectures upon the reform as opportunities are secured.

There is a form of this greatly-needed service which we especially hope our ministers will not overlook; and that is, the economical, physiological and moral side of the question. The hour has come when we cannot afford to expend our strength in simply battling the opinions of those who do not hold to the same modes with ourselves in seeking to secure a relief from the perils and evils of intemperance. It is infinitely better to encourage every man that has any sympathy with the reform to work vigorously in his own line. The single men that fought by themselves at Lexington, from behind stone fences and trees, did no little execution among the red coats. More certainly can be accomplished in an organized movement, and even more in a number of these associated bodies. There is an abundance of room for all. We may have no confidence in the law that simply restrains liquor-selling as a cure of the evil, and even believe that it is a serious obstacle in the way of consummating the great reform; but it is important that all law should be executed, and every drinking place that is closed limits in a degree the terrible ruin which the saloon is causing. It may seem a futile way to us to stop the trade, and that it really gives us a public claim to be legitimate business, but we can bid God-speed to the Law and Order men, who are, at least, embarrassing the dealers, injuriously that, at this hour, the noble re-

at least, some victims. We may not approve the Local Option legislation, because, while it aids the small country towns, it exasperates the evil in cities, and procrastinates the hour of their deliverance; but it really saves hundreds of our villages from becoming a prey to the devourer, and we can heartily wish well to those who see their way clear to press such a measure. We may, or may not, consider it to be a judicious act at this hour to break from the leading political parties and seek to secure the crystallization of a new party around this important social reform, but we can respect each other's judgment, and heartily unite in securing the best possible legislation from any party in power.

The spirit of denunciation and of segregation only weakens and fatally divides our forces. There is a common foe. The conflict is too serious to admit of cross purposes among ourselves. There is a singular and threatening combination of all interested in the sale and use of alcoholic drinks at this hour to drive back the movement which, before the late war, had apparently gathered an irresistible momentum. There is no lack of money, or of subsidized advocates, to accomplish this end. In the partial pause in radical efforts, the opposition has gained a fresh foothold and assumed a more ominous front. Some excellent men, who have heretofore been hearty and hopeful in the cause, have lost courage, and are apparently ready to fall back upon perilous compromises. Some are yielding to the loud-mouthed attorneys of the spirit-dealers, and are beginning really to believe that prohibition does not prohibit, and that Maine, Kansas and Iowa are in no measure, or only to a slight degree, benefited by such legislation, and seem ready to fall back upon an inner line and seek only to limit and guard the sale of liquors. It is no time to lie down upon our arms, or to fight wildly in such a serious exigency.

We are sorry to be forced into the opinion that while we have been quite earnestly and properly seeking the aid of law, we have overlooked the vital matter of securing a correct public sentiment upon the subject. There is nothing now of the interest taken thirty years ago in prejudicing the heart of childhood against the use of alcoholic drinks. Our holidays and sacred festivals, like the State Fast and Thanksgiving, were largely devoted to temperance gatherings among the children and youth. Our Sunday-schools were all organized into temperance societies. Our lecturers, like the late Dr. J. A. Jewett, of excellent memory, entered earnestly and ably into the discussion of the nature and peril of these stimulating liquors, and the pledge was constantly presented, both as a testimony and safeguard, in our religious and public associations.

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enforcement of our Christian women comes in. They are nearest the morning of life, and have the largest opportunity and the best means of defending our childhood from the ruin of intemperance, and of saving the homes of the land. We trust there will be a generous volunteering on the part of our pastors, and that through the season, effective, well-considered, radical temperance addresses will be delivered throughout our Commonwealth.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

The Providence Daily Journal of December 14 and 15 contains a full report of the treated and very interesting exercises attending the twentieth anniversary of the Chestnut Street M. E. Church of that city. Of course these excellent sermons preached by Bishop Andrews and Rev. Dr. J. A. M. Chapman, with the admirable historical address of Pastor Goodell, the instructive and tender reminiscences of Rev. R. W. Allen, one of the long line of excellent pastors, the rare Sunday-school addresses of Prof. Hinckley and Rev. Dr. J. E. C. Sawyer, and the eminently fraternal words of clergymen of the Episcopal, Congregational and Baptist Churches, will be published in full, and copies of it sent for the archives of the Historical Society. The history of this venerable society covers nearly the whole record of Methodism in New England, and embodies the names of the leading itinerants, who founded the Church, in the first half-century of its work in this portion of the country. The sermon was one of peculiar interest. The programme was carried out with few failures, and the tone of the meeting, eminently jubilant and spiritual, was kept up from beginning to end. The following hymn was sung at one service:

Thy hand, O God, we trust
Through all the fleeting years,
And magnify Thy wondrous grace
Triumphant over our fears.
The doves are gleaming white
With harvests from the past,
Which men of old in darkest night
Into the furrows cast.
Help us to see 'twas not
By might the fathers won,
But by the power of faith begot
Of Thine incarnate Son.
In spotless white they stand,
The dust-stained ranks of old;
They sing of victory, and each brand
Uplifts a crown of gold.
Midst all our lot is cast;
But when we next shall meet,
With all our labors overpast,
'Twill be at Jesus' feet.

The alumni of Wesleyan University in the vicinity of Boston held their annual reunion on Wednesday evening (the 16th) last week. It was called this year, by the managers of the club, at the Quay Hotel on Brattle Street. The parlor accommodations at this house did not compare with those of the Revere or Vendome where the club has met heretofore, but the supper was much superior to any one the association has enjoyed for years. A large number — between eighty and a hundred — were present, and an uncommonly pleasant social interview preceded the table programme. The college was represented by the always welcome Prof. Van Vleck, who though not genorous in public speech, always delighted in social conversation and fall of information and also by the very agreeable young Prof. A. W. Harris, instructor in history and political economy. It was after nine before the bountiful provisions upon the tables were sufficiently discussed, so that the time for speaking was somewhat limited, without causing any very serious regret. The chief interest of such an hour is the meeting of old classmates and the indulgence of grateful reminiscences. Rev. D. C. Knowlton, of N. H. Conf. Seminary, presided and introduced the speaking of the evening in a graceful manner, surmounting the further responsibility of the occasion to the toastmaster, Rev. W. I. Haven. Prof. Haven closed his office by his excellent sense in making short introductions, and insisting upon short responses, showing such careful adaptation for the work that he will be able to be called often to this delicate and difficult social function. Prof. Harris, who was called to represent Alma Mater, did himself and his University credit in his short, apt and happy address. Mr. E. B. Ross brought the associations of the undergraduates, and Prof. W. R. Newhall, of East Greenwich, did ample justice to the later graduates of the institution. Mr. E. O. Fisk, of the Educational Bureau in our city, responded for the alumni engaged in lines of business; and upon the designation of Dr. Warren to represent Boston University, as a able substitute was found in the enthusiastic Hebrew professor, Dr. H. G. Mitchell. Dr. Baldwin represented the honored missionary wing of the alumni, and Dr. Edward Cooke spoke for the "old boys." It was made quite evident in his reminiscents address that he fully believed there were giants in those days. It was the general verdict, that on the whole, this was one of the best meetings of such an hour.

We well recollect a saying of Theodore Parker in his prime, when the pupils were generally closed to him, that he cared little for this as long as lecture platforms were open for him. He could say then, before larger audience, just what he should say in the pulpit if it were free to him. Mr. Savage, of our day, seems to practice on the same principle. The Presbyterians of Philadelphia, referring to a late lecture of his in the "Star Course," of that city, says that, in his lecture, "he took the opportunity of criticising and denouncing the faith of almost all the evangelical churches of that city, and, of course, with special emphasis on the tenets of the Presbyterian Church." What must we think of the ethics of such an act? It may accord with the morality of evolution, but not with that of Revelation.

Thanks to the secretary of the Conference, Rev. Jas. Mitchell, for a copy of the Minutes of the nineteenth session of the Georgia Annual Conference, which met at Ellijay, Ga., under Bishop Mallard. This is a white Conference, and numbers 25 ministers, 2,335 members, with 332 on probation. The church raised toward the support of their minister, \$1,555 49; the highest amount paid was \$276 75; several churches paid nothing, and the lowest above this was \$7 80. The Conference must be run largely upon missionary money. As a centenary offering \$355 33 were raised for the Ellijay Seminary, and \$61 90 for Mt. Zion.

Part Second of the New English Dictionary on Historical Principles, published in London and New York by Macmillan & Co., is now issued, and will be followed by the publication of a part every three months. This issue extends from A to Batten, and includes 23,000 words. It is edited by James A. Murray, LL. D., with the assistance of many scholars and men of science. Price, \$2.25 a part. It is by far the most elaborate of the great dictionaries now in course of publication.

Personal and Miscellaneous.

The two Methodist churches of Concord, N. H., issue a Christmas sheet, with excellent pastoral letters from Revs. J. M. Williams and D. E. Miller, preachers in charge. The little paper has, also, very interesting and instructive articles upon Methodism in New Hampshire, on Concord district, and in the city of Concord, with an appreciative notice of the late Bishop O. C. Baker.

Our friend and brother, whose presence with us is still so fresh in our memories, Rev. Oliver A. Brown, D. L. a. of New England Conference, permits us to see what a fine church and parsonage he has found in Hoboken, N. J., by sending a copy of the Directory of the First M. E. Church in that city, with the house of worship and pastor's home pictured on its cover. The manual is finely arranged. The church has 457 members and 23 probationers.

The Central Union of the Young People's Association of the M. E. Church, of Brooklyn, N. Y., have a very neat monthly organ, well conducted, entitled the *Union Advocate*. The member-hip of this great and useful organization numbers three thousand. It is impossible to overestimate the good which it could do for the Union rightly managed if it could drive out of them all the earnest opponents of its oppressive power.

C. E. Paxson has compiled a little manual which he entitles, "Key Words to the King's Treasury," being passages of Scripture arranged under appropriate titles, with selections from the choice sayings of Samuel

Rutherford. 15 cents. Published by Parker, Ritter, Nichols Stationery Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Nellie Wentworth, daughter of Rev. Dr. E. Wentworth, and sister of Nettie Wentworth

who died at Tilton Seminary last year, is

pupil at the Conservatory of Music, under the

care of Dr. Tourjies, and room-mate with

Miss May Gibbons, daughter of Rev. Dr.

A. S. Gibbs, of the California Conference,

a well-known educator in Ohio and Pacific

coast colleges.

An anonymous writer signing himself

"Homo," and printing his essay in New Haven, Conn., calls the attention of Robert G. Ingersoll to the manifest analogy between

natural and moral law — giving a limited

discussion of a theme which has been so im-

pressively developed in the much-noticed

volume of Henry Drummond, of Edinburgh,

Scotland. We fear Mr. Ingersoll's eye will

never fail upon this Mr. Ingersoll and courteous

coast colleges.

The Christmas number of *Our Youth* has a

handsome cover, and is well filled with story

and miscellany relating to the joyous festival.

This new periodical for our young people

starts off with great vigor, and merits the

largest patronage. We more than suspect

the author of "Rex Bannon" — a U. S.

Naval Officer — is an esteemed Chaplain,

and correspondent of *Zion's Herald*. Success

to Dr.

The Old Testament Student for December has an excellent paper upon "The Authority of Holy Scripture." Prof. Bissell writes upon "The Revised Psalter;" Prof. Burnham on "The Value of the Old Testament for a Correct Knowledge of the New;" Prof. Ogden on "Egypt Before B. C. 2000;" Prof. Beecher on "The Sunday School Lessons;" Dr. Smith (Justin A.) offers valuable studies in "Comparative Religion." The notes, general and editorial, are fresh and instructive. Chicago, Morgan Park, Ill.

The Art Magazine for January is a specially attractive number. Its frontispiece is a colored copy of a beautiful picture of "Cranes," in the British Museum. There are a number of full-page engravings, among them striking portraits of Franz Liszt, of Otto Von Bismarck, and of Pope Leo XIII. Fine illustrated articles are given of Artists' Homes (Mr. Harry Fenn's) "A Poet's Village," "Art in Assyria," "Some Painters," "The Upper Medway, Sumner," "Beds and Bedrooms," "Chronicles of Art," and "American Art Notes." All interesting articles. Cassell & Co., New York.

The striking article in the *Homiletic Review* for December is the response of Rev. Dr. Herrick Johnson, of Chicago, to Dr. Crosby, in justification of the righteousness of Prohibition as a principle, and to Dr. Spear, of the *Independent*, as to the expediency of a Prohibition party. It is the most vigorous argument upon the affirmative side of both these questions that we have read. Another notable article is by Rev. Dr. Pentecost on "The Evangelism of Our Cities." The sermons, sketches and homiletic miscellany of nearly one hundred pages are all suggestive, and will bring into the number's study both thought and inspiration. Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

Christian Thought for December has a paper by Dr. H. M. MacCracken, the vice-chancellor of the University of the City of New York, upon "Kant and Lotze." Dr. J. Dury writes upon the "Relation of Truth and Time." We have read with special interest the instructive and suggestive paper of our New York correspondent, Dr. Wheatley, upon "Christian Socialism." Rev. S. W. Dike has a paper upon "The Family in the History of Christianity." This able periodical is published by Wilbur S. Knatch, 73 Bible House, New York. \$2 a volume; clergymen, \$1.

Cassell's Family Magazine for January has for its frontispiece a colored sketch, entitled "Mavronneuse." A new illustrated story is commended by the author of "My Name-sake Marjorie," entitled "A Willful Young Woman." The other articles are: "London for Lovers," by Prof. J. Stuart Blackie; "Pastry, at Home and Abroad;" "Decades of Gardening;" "Chronicles of Cardewa Manor;" "The Children's Scourge;" "London on High Cliffs;" it illustrated; "How to Scout a Christmas Tree;" "Milly's Drowsy;" "Dress for Cold Weather;" "My Courtship," etc. New York, \$1.50 a year.

The Churches.

(See also Page 7.)

MASSACHUSETTS.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE
Boston Preachers' Meeting. — Rev. D. H. Elia, D. D., presided. Rev. Dr. Steele read a very excellent paper on the question of reaching the non church-going masses with the Gospel. He was requested by an enthusiastic vote to present the paper for publication in *Zion's Herald* and *Methodist Quarterly*. A resolution of respect for Rev. Dr. Bolton on his immediate removal to Colgate, was adopted. He is already transferred to the Rock River Conference, and appointed to Clark Street Church.

Wilbraham Academy opens the winter term with a large attendance of scholars. The new teachers are giving great satisfaction.

Worcester. — Great credit is due our Methodist pastors in Worcester, Revs. Whitaker, Ferlin and Staples, for the active part they took in the late campaign against the rum saloon in the municipal election, by which the city was carried for no-license by 567 majority. Last year the city voted license by 2,123 majority. There was great enthusiasm in the churches, and the city was mightily stirred. We congratulate our brethren on their great victory!

Trinity. — Eleven have recently been received on probation, four into full connection, and five by letter, three were baptized, and number of probationers have presented themselves for prayers. On the 10th inst., the Young People's Literary and Social Union had a sale of fancy articles and an excellent supper and entertainment, which netted about \$125. They were favored by the presence of Rev. V. A. Cooper, Rev. Dr. Rogers, and Mrs. Rev. J. A. Cass.

Webster Square, in its missionary offering last Sunday, came close up to the million-dollar line—\$16 per cent, above last year; total, \$63.

Saxtons. — Special services are being conducted by Rev. W. H. Daniels, with excellent results. Rev. A. B. Earle preached one evening. Important improvements have been made in the church building.

Bay View. — Long-needed repairs have just been completed in the church and parsonage. The energetic pastor was heartily encouraged in the work by a committee from the church, and they received liberal support in the community. The church has been newly painted inside and out, a new roof put on, the front of the church newly clapped, and many other improvements made. The expense was nearly \$1,000, and all was raised and bills paid when the edifice was reopened. The church is in a perfectly harmonious condition, and looking for great prosperity. The quarterly conference adopted the resolution, "That a vote of thanks be tendered Col. J. H. French, Joseph H. Chadwick, Cyrus Clark, and all others who have so kindly assisted us in the repairing of our church."

PORTLAND DISTRICT.

Goodwin's Mills. — The people of this place gathered in large numbers to attend the re-opening exercises in connection with this church last week. The need of improvement had long been felt. Its dilapidated, uncouth and dwarfed appearance had long been an eye-sore to the friend of piety, and a matter of general and uncomplimentary comment by the community. It was resolved to change this condition of things. A committee was appointed, and work commenced last September. On Thursday, Dec. 3, as the result of the labor and in-

Hyde Park. — Dr. J. M. Reid preached on the evening of Dec. 13. The storm prevented the usual congregation from hearing him, but a good-sized audience listened to his inspiring words on the success of missionary effort in the world. The ladies of the society, by means of a quiet sale with suppers, have realized \$175, to help in parsonage furnishing. Bro. Lewis C. Swett and his wife celebrated the 50th anniversary of their marriage on the evening of the 14th inst. Their children and children's children, with their pastor and many friends, gathered in their pleasant home, and after giving due attention to a hospitable board, spent the evening in social converse and congratulations. Seldom does the golden year overtake so pale and young-looking a couple. Many distant friends will join in the congratulations of the occasion when they read this notice.

Ayer and West Groton. — Rev. H. G. Buckingham is pastor. The building, dedication, and paying for of the new church at West Groton has caused much joy among the people there, and the number attending the regular Sunday services attest their appreciation of a church in which to worship. A very desirable lot has been purchased in Ayer, and is held for the society, and an attempt is about to be made to build a church in this rapidly-growing railroad town. A number of friends of the pastor in Ayer recently showed their high appreciation by presenting him with an elegant gold watch.

MISISONARY CONVENTION.

The crowded condition of the columns of *The Herald* just this time prevents the publication of a full and detailed report of the very interesting and successful missionary convention held in this city, Monday, Dec. 14. At the meetings in Bromfield St. Church during the day important missionary themes were discussed by Drs. Reid, McCabe, Gracey, Hoskins, Baldwin, Cooper, and others. The evening meeting in People's Church was a very excellent one. It is rarely the privilege of our people to listen to three such excellent addresses as were made on that occasion by Chaplain McCabe and Drs. Gracey and Baldwin. No better service could be done the Missionary Society than to print these addresses for general distribution. There were no pessimistic views ventilated at that meeting. The following resolutions were adopted: —

Resolved, 1. That this convention hauls with pleasure the action of the General Committee in appropriating a million for missions for the current fiscal year.

2. That we recognize the action of the Committee as a sight draft upon the church for that amount.

3. That we will do our utmost to bring our church up to the million-dollar line.

The following preamble and resolution were presented by Rev. V. A. Cooper and Rev. D. H. Elia, D. D.: —

Whereas, The heroic self-sacrificing spirit and methods of Bishop Wm. Taylor in rallying a noble band of missionary followers and entering the Dark Continent to carry the blessed Gospel of our Lord to its degraded inhabitants, has attracted the attention of the church, awakened its sympathies, and evoked its prayers as no other event since the heroic consecration of Melville B. Cox, therefore,

Resolved, That we respectfully request Bishop Taylor to take time to inform the church through its widely circulating official organs of all matters of interest pertaining to his movements and the progress of the work.

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The Family.

LED BY THE STAR.

Led by a star they came
And knelt at his feet;
Bring'd the frankincense and myrrh,
And incense sweet.
No royal sign he wore,
No robe nor ring,
Yet in their souls they knew
He was the King.

Watching their flocks by night,
Marvelous strains
Came to the shepherds
Just as a prophet said,
Sweet from the lips of that
Mystical strain,
Dawn to their waking hearts,
Came the glad song.

And what was the song that was sung on that
wonderful, far-off morning,
When the voice of the heavenly hosts gave
the dutiful shepherds warning?
What was the gift that was given to the world
That day, as far?

To the place where the young Child lay,
The Wise Men followed the star?

Glory to God on high — the infinite majesty
proving.

Peace and good-will to men, the sign of an
infinite loving;
A gift from the soul of love — unmeasured by
earthly price.

The song of homage and truth, and beauty
and sacrifice.

The star the Wise Men saw with hope in its
lights that falter;
Weak as it was, may bring the choicest of
rewards to the altar;
And still to the deepest depths the heart of the
world is stirred.

By the song that so long ago the Judean
shepherds heard.

Sweetly the same strain may rise from
lips that falter;
Weak as it was, may bring the choicest of
rewards to the altar;
Against the trust and best of giving there's
never a bolt nor bar,
Wise and simple alike may follow the shining
star.

Peace and good-will to men; O bells in the
steeples, ring it!
Peace on earth and good-will; O brother to
brother, sing it!
Up to the mountain tops and down to the
valleys below;
On and on, forever let the Christmas message
go.

Ring out, O bells! O songs
Upfifing, glad and sweet,
Your music to all time belongs,
So long as hearts shall beat!
Sing, heart, the perfect strain,
And let the year get gay!
The immortal strain of praise to God
And love to man.
— CARLOTTA PERRY, in *Advance*.

MY CHRISTMAS DREAM.
A College Reminiscence.

BY REV. W. F. STODDARD, A. M.

One rainy day I was sitting in my room in college, gazing at the pages of a book lying open before me. My mind seemed little disposed to exert itself in comprehending the abstractions with which the pages abounded, so I laid the book aside, intending to resume it in a few moments. I looked out of my window, and my eyes rested on the walls of the opposite building. Now these walls, built of broken stones and cement, were never particularly attractive. To be sure, they were solid enough, but as for ascribing to them anything that could by any stretch of imagination be magnified into beauty, this was ridiculous enough even when the weather was pleasant, but now it was simply absurd. And yet I would not have you think for a moment that these walls were alone in their ugliness. Everything upon which my eyes rested wore the same gloomy, barren, and utterly desolate appearance. The rain, which had fallen almost incessantly for three days, seemed to have fairly saturated the world, and either to have subtracted for a time or to have cancelled forever whatever beauty nature usually presents in the month of December.

Failing to find any pleasure from without, I closed my eyes and sought rest in reflection. The wind went sweeping by and between the college buildings chanting dirges as it passed. The rain, as it dripped, dripped, dripped incessantly from the eaves of North College and sifted through the leafless branches of the elms lining the walks, added its mournful notes. A clock in an adjoining room beat the time regularly and continuously with its steady tick, tick, tick, until, influenced by the peculiar music of this strange trio — the wind, the rain, and the clock — I soon forgot, not only my book, the saturated earth, and the dismal sights, but the soothing music as well, and fell asleep.

It was Christmas Eve. I was walking through a large city — New York, I thought. On both sides of the streets were ranged massive buildings of brick and stone, occupying every foot of ground rightly belonging to them and apparently anxious to encroach on the public thoroughfare. It had been a cold, blustering day, and now the wind which had swept through the streets during the day seemed little disposed to desist, but went shrieking ominously among the buildings as if bent on wreaking vengeance on some benighted traveler. But the wind was not now alone in possession, for the air became full of fleecy clouds of snow which, falling on street and house, and citizen, covered them quickly with a mantle of white. Men and women in carriages or on foot were moving in every direction. Many, doubtless, were anxiously anticipating the pleasure of gaiety, dances and association with loved ones at home. Some, laden with mysterious bundles which I strongly suspect when opened would bring joy to many a little one, and larger one too, hurried along. Others tugged away at immense baskets, into which, of course, I had not the temerity to peep, but which I was reasonably certain contained the turkey and other things indispensable to a genuine Christmas dinner. Still others, wrapped in overcoats or fur-lined cloaks, rushed by as if they had but one object in life, and that to reach some place of shelter. Occasionally some poor unfortunate one would pass along, dragging weary feet over the snow and cladding in garments so thin that it seemed the relentless storm would drive out what little heat the frail body contained. Now it was a feeble old man bending beneath the weight of years, now a little boy or girl, and now a delicate young woman or feeble mother with her child; nearer, louder and louder it swelled, un-

til all of them so frail that every gust of wind seemed able to blow them from the rest of the crowd.

As all these sights passed like a living panorama before my eyes, I remember thinking of the multitude in that great city who on this Christmas Eve looked forward to no Christmas dinner on the morrow, of the many who were never greeted with a hearty "Merry Christmas," or even with the smallest token of a friend's esteem; of the many who scarcely knew what Christmas meant, or whether, indeed, there were such a day.

My mind was busy with such thoughts as these when a little girl crossing the street just before me attracted my attention. There was nothing peculiar or strange in her dress, except like other little ones whom I had met, she was very poorly and thinly clad, but there was something in her face that separated her from all the rest. It had none of those hard lines which you may see even in children. Nor did it wear the mournful, fawning expression which you may see in the professional beggar-child. Nor was it a beautiful or extraordinary face such as you meet only once in a lifetime, but it wore such an intelligent, animated expression that you might call it beautiful without greatly exaggerating. Well, she hastened through the blinding snow, up one street and another, until she came to a portion of the city inhabited chiefly by the poorer classes, then, turning down a very narrow street, she entered a house that stood midway in the block, climbed up three pairs of rickety stairs, and entering a room placed a few pieces of money, which she had held tightly clenched in her hand, upon the table. The room was very scantily furnished, but so scrupulously clean and neat that the meagre furniture seemed forgotten in the prevailing tidiness.

This, then, was her home. I looked about, but could see no basket bursting with its Christmas dinner. I saw no stockings hanging beneath the mantel, nor any mysterious bundles awaiting examination on the morrow. The only occupants of the room were a man perhaps fifty years of age, who sat near the table, and a woman, who, bending before him, was busily anointing his stiffened limbs with ointment. Sadened by such sights and strangely interested, I was anxious to know something of their history.

It was the same old story of extreme privation and hardship. For weeks they had gone with but one poor meal a day. They spoke of cold days when supercilles and fireless they had retired for the night only to shiver until morning; of sickness and great trouble. For three long years the father had been confined to the house with rheumatism, and had not worked a day. The mother, always in feeble health, could do little else than minister to the invalid. An elder daughter had been obliged to support the family with her needle, which, even when work was abundant, furnished only a meagre support, but now in the "hard times" could not keep the "wolf from the door." They were in the most distressing want, and on this Christmas Eve were without a loaf for supper. While I tarried, the elder daughter Alice entered the room, covered with a mantle of snow which clung closely to her thin garments as if it loved her. Thoroughly wearied she sank at once into a chair, not noticing me at first, and then excused herself in such a courteous manner that I knew she was a lady, and saw that she had once been beautiful, but that poverty had pinched her face and left only a trace of her former beauty. Her pale, wan face gave evidence that cruel want had been her too constant companion and would shortly claim her as his prize. Her eyes were bright, and wonderfully expressive of a tender heart, a gentle disposition, and a patient spirit.

I soon arose to go, promising to call again on the morrow. Impressed by what I had seen and heard, I mentally resolved to give them such a "Merry Christmas" as they had seldom enjoyed before. I went down the broken stairways, and when I reached the street the snow which was still falling lay thick upon the sidewalks. The street lamps cast their pale light around and gave to objects a strange, weird appearance. Brilliant lights in the stores on the avenue shone through the frosted panes of glass, and, as if they, too, recognized the fact that Christmas was at hand, seemed to say cheerily to all who passed, "How are you, good friend? A Merry Christmas to you!" The streets were still alive with people passing on as swiftly as ever, for all the world as if everybody had special business on hand and was in haste to finish it before the Christmas bells began to ring. As one of the number, you know by this time that I certainly had a very urgent matter that demanded instant attention. Nor was it long before I had the satisfaction of realizing it, for there soon left the provision dealer's such a market basketful of good things as even an epicure might have coveted. What did the basket contain? Well, there was, of course, a plump turkey, and leg of mutton, celery, cranberries, potatoes, onions, turnips, oranges and nuts — altogether such a quantity of uncooked dinner as to convince me, cynical, crusty old bachelor as they called me, that one family at least were to enjoy a genuine Christmas dinner the next day. Was my heart light? You know it was, for you may be sure that it was in the beginning, now and even shall be, is "more blessed to give" — when you know it will do good and be appreciated — "than it is to receive." This very pleasant task performed, I wandered about for a time, and then with my mind full of my promised call on Christmas day, I sought my boarding place for the night.

Soon I began to hear confused noises about me. Surely it could not be thunder, for it was winter, and snow was falling. The sounds became more and more distinct. Human voices seemed mingled with the noise. Nearer and nearer, louder and louder it swelled, un-

til, little by little, and then — suddenly I awoke, to find a dozen classmates in my room! One of them had found me asleep, and arousing others, each was rousing his neighbor in the production of such hideous, unearthly yells and sounds as, I hope, are seldom heard outside of a mad-house. To say that I was disappointed would be to use a very mild expression indeed. For, though it was but a dream, had I not been deprived of a visit from which I had anticipated much pleasure, and of the society of one whom I wished to meet again, and of a meeting from which who shall say what might have resulted to cheer my bachelor days? But I may finish the dream some day. Who knows?

CHRISTMAS.

BY MRS. J. B. HILL.

Hark! the Christmas bells are ringing,
Ushering in the morn
When were heard the angels singing:

"To you this day is born
Jesus, a Saviour, and a King;
Children of God, His praises sing!"

Let us keep the day with gladness,
Weaving the holy gay
Into a wreath to crown the Babe
Who in the manger lay.

When shepherds watched their flocks by night
And the stars shone with wondrous light.

O happy, blessed Christmas-tide!
That day so long ago

When Immanuel vell His glory
To save the world from woe;

And conquered death, the grave, and sin,
That we might rise and reign with Him.

Let now He wear the kingly robes,
And waves the victor's palm;

For the love of Bethlehem is our Lord —
Praise Him in joyful psalm

For the love which brought our Lord to earth,
And that Christmas day which saw His birth.

Literetur Falsus, Me.

A DIVINE LEADER.

One of the most thrilling episodes in Roman history is that of the battle of Lake Regillus. You remember how, one after another, the champions of the young republic fell before the furious onslaughts of the Latins. The Romans seemed almost to have lost the day and their independence, when suddenly at their head appeared two youths matchless in form and apparel, leading another charge against the enemy.

It sorely tried both parents that Rena did not seem to have the least leaning towards a religious life, while such pleasures as were within her reach were entered into with the greatest zest and enjoyment. Her father struggled against her desire for fashionable attire, but, girl-like, she insisted that she should never want to become a Carolean if it would involve her being dressed like an old woman all her days; and a few adroit cautions on the mother's part induced the deacon to indulge her in such things against his sterner ideas. So nodding feathers adorned her becoming hats, and her dresses were trimmed and draped in excellent taste and in true style.

The struggle against sin is a far sorcer conflict than any out of which ever arose a state, but when man finds himself ready to despair and submit to defeat, there rings in his ears the cheering call of a Leader before whom the powers of evil are scattered like chaff in a tempest. When this battle, too, is won, and the panting victor asks, "Who is this that is so 'glorious in his apparel,' so 'mighty to save'?" he cannot but confess in his wonder and gratitude: "Surely this was the Son of God."

M.

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

When the shoemaker of Antwerp came to die,
And in fear and trembling faced the Lord most High;

To the question stern and awful, "What hast thou
For the King of earth and heaven done?"

"Lord," he answered, "Others serve Thee. I alone
Have no talent, naught to offer at Thy throne;

Only one thing to Thee, Lord, dare I tell —
I have pleased the children, and they love me well."

Then the awful hush that followed in the sky.

Suddenly was broken by a pleading cry:

"By the voices of the children that arose
In the streets throughout the city, praying thus:

"Dear Lord, we are lonely. The mooks and
the saints in the city shun us,

But since the shoemaker did not a man
Have we anywhere found
Who can play the games that the children love,

And play them so well,
Or tell us tales of the olden time
He only could tell.

There is no one to sing us the merry old
songs

As he used to do,
Or to whistle us toys, for the rest forgot how
(If they ever knew).

Dear Lord, are there holy monks and to
spare

In the streets of the town;
Take one of them up to heaven, and send
The saint lives on the earth;

And when comes the glorious evening of
The Christ-child's birth,

With the stars from land to land,
Scattering blessings for the children every
where with eager hand.

Where no other saint may enter he come,
In without a word;

And his coming at his presence mean
the coming of the Lord!

— EVA L. OGDEN, in *Christian Union*.

THE OLD OLD STORY, IN RO-
MANCE.

BY MRS. HARRIET A. CHEREYER.

Deacon Elijah Hastings was not in sympathy with many of the popular movements of the day, particularly those pertaining to the services of the sanctuary.

"I tell you, Captain," he said, in talking to his old friend and neighbor, Capt. Silas Dunham, "I tell you, I believe all these new-fangled ways of pretending to worship God are little better than insuln' to the Almighty. I'm down on the whole notion;" and in a twanging, irritated tone: "There's Children's Day, an' flower concerts, and harvest fairs, and Easter service, and now there's my Rena, she's got her head turned 'bout a Christmas service of some

kind or other they're goin' to have at

the service.

Plans were now rapidly made, and a part allotted to each of the three con-

spirators. It was already the tenth day

of December; and they had to work fast, I can tell you.

First, there were the presents to pre-

pare. For their mother, Dick whittled

out some wooden crochet needles, round-

ing and sand-papering them nicely, until

they really looked quite "like to needles," as his admiring sisters remarked.

Meanwhile, the girls worked together on

a little "crazy-quilt" soft-cushion.

There were odds and ends of goods

about the house that could be put to no

other use; and, when at length it was

time to put it together, it looked as "crazy

as the gayer sample at the art rooms, besides being very uncomfortable.

The children all tested it, making

up holes in the middle that distract-

ed them, but it shouldn't come out full

again. But it did; and, being patted

and smoothed into shape, was hidden

with the needles.

Then came the time to get the needles

out of the cushion.

Then came the time to get the needles

out of the cushion.

Then came the time to get the needles

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Then came the time to get the needles

Church News.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Gleanings.—The money for the corner lot of St. James' Church has all been raised. It amounts to \$850. The trustees of that society have appointed Rev. J. M. Avann, Mr. Wm. A. Butterfield and Frank T. Dickey a building committee for the new parsonage to be erected thereon. The contract for the building has already been let to a responsible builder. The total cost will be a little less than \$2,000. It is to be a two-and-a-half-story frame house with twelve rooms, besides halls, pantries, and closets. It will be temporarily arranged for two families. One-half is already let for \$150 a year. The preacher at St. James' will pay rent for the other half, and thus the interest, taxes, and insurance will be met, and the building pay for itself in ten years or less. So that ultimately the society will come into possession of a fine parsonage without a dollar of cost to them. The plans and specifications are by Mr. Butterfield, who is the architect of both the Methodist churches of Manchester, and the parsonage of St. Paul's, and under his supervision the work is sure to be well done. If any of our societies are thinking of building or remodeling, we need only send them to the Manchester churches, or to Epping, where their house of worship is about completed according to the plans of this same architect.

The church in Hinsdale is still at work upon "that debt." Early in the summer twelve collection barrels were placed in the hands of as many children, with instructions to gather in the pennies, nickels, etc., for the debt. Wednesday evening, Nov. 18, an entertainment was given, and the barrels opened. The counting showed that the little ones had gathered over \$12. At the town fair held a few weeks since, the society had gathered over \$12. The town fair had the privilege of furnishing dinners to the multitude by means of which they cleared nearly \$75. This reduces the indebtedness to less than \$700. If we could only get that amount, that old debt would be a thing of the past. The N. H. Conference of 1885 voted to permit the pastor of this church to pass through the Conference to make collections for the church. This never has been done. Will not the brethren take this collection and save the expense of travel? The M. E. Church in Brattleboro, Vt., although heavily burdened itself, recently took a collection and raised over \$7. Cannot churches in our own Conference do as much as this?

The Lawrence Daily American of a few days ago thus speaks of the business condition and outlook of that city:

"For the first time in the history of our city, has the hand of business depression been so heavily laid upon our industries as to cause an actual reduction in population; the very general curtailment of work upon all of the large corporations of the two years, and the entire stoppage of the two years, at the Woolen Mills, has driven our city, in search of employment elsewhere, hundreds of families and put a burden upon many others. The steady improvement is scarcely felt in the community yet, and even should the new Washington Company be put in operation in the early spring, confidence will not be restored nor good times come during the approaching year."

The great Washington Corporation named, is located nearest Garden Street Church, and from this industry comes a large proportion of its attendants and membership. This will enable the churches of the Conference to appreciate the trying experience, and yet untried success, under the circumstances, of this church, in these years of depression.

Rev. Thomas Harrison, the noted evangelist, is engaged to begin a series of revival services at St. Paul's, Manchester, the evening after Christmas. This is stated, is his first appearance in New England for revival work. Three services a day are to be held. It is hoped it will be a great event for the cause of Christ in that city.

The Methodist Church at Exeter was crowded to its utmost capacity last Sabbath to hear Dr. Buckley, who was advertised to preach. It was a rare treat to those who heard him. His text was, "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter; for God and keep His commandments, for this is the whole duty of man."

Arrangements are being made for a monster mass missionary meeting at Lawrence, January 5 and 6, with Chaplain McCabe, Dr. Butler and wife, and Dr. Baldwin. The cry will be, "A million for missions."

MAINE.

Rev. Dr. Bassford received ten persons on probation, Dec. 6, and fifteen full membership with Chestnut St., Portland.

Rev. H. Chase, of Old Orchard, has been holding revival meetings the past two weeks. He took missionary subscriptions last Sabbath, and reached the million-dollar line.

Dr. J. H. Vincent has been spending a few days in Maine, lecturing in the Y. M. C. A. courses at Portland and Augusta, and for the M. E. Church in Auburn. He spent Sabbath, Dec. 13, with Brother G. D. Lindsay, occupying his pulpit. A reception was given him Saturday evening by the C. L. S. C.

Rev. J. H. Trask, of Elliot, is enjoying prosperity on his charge. In addition to others who have sought the Lord, a young man arose for prayers last Sunday evening. The kindness of the generous people on this charge has been shown in a great many ways the past two years, and recently the ladies presented Mrs. Trask with a generous sum of money with which to purchase a new cloak.

The East Radcliff Church, Rev. C. K. Jenne's, pastor, had a glorious last Sabbath. President Smith, of Ken's Hill, baptized four, and the pastor received five into the church. At the close of the evening meeting, which was one

of great power, several came forward for prayers. One young man, after starting for home, returned, and rushed into the church crying for mercy.

L.

YORK.—The Epworth Hymnal has been introduced into the Sunday-school and prayer-meeting at York in the following manner: In the month of September the pastor, Bro. J. A. Corey, organized a singing school which numbered more than forty members. A small tuition was charged, the pastor himself acting as teacher. After some eighteen lessons a concert of sacred song was given, on the evening of Dec. 3. Seventeen selections from the Epworth Hymnal were rendered by the chorus class with excellent effect. The proceeds of the concert (\$212.25) will buy certain articles of furniture for the new parsonage. On the following Sunday the Hymnal was introduced into the Sunday-school and prayer-meeting; hymns and tunes having been already learned by many of the young people in attendance. We commend Bro. Corey's plan to the attention of other pastors.

EAST MAINE.

The reports of the last quarterly conference at Guilford show that this year has been one of unusual religious interest. It has pleased God to bless the various efforts of His people in the salvation of many souls. In Guilford thirty-six have joined the class; in Sangerhill thirteen. Seventeen have received baptism. One of the sons of the pastor, Bro. Skinner, is numbered among the happy converts. A Christian Association was formed early in the season by the young people, which has proved a source of untold good, both to those who have worked, and to the people of the neighborhoods where the labor has been bestowed. *Extendo* is their battle-cry, and by it they have conquered and carried the Gospel into the regions beyond. The Sunday-school library has been replenished in Guilford, and in Sangerhill a new library has been obtained, and a new church organ, largely by the liberality of Mr. Campbell.

Bro. Boynton, of Dexter, assisted by Bro. Hill, has been conducting meetings at the "Head of the Pond" in Ripley. Twenty persons are seeking a hope in Christ, and all the people seem thoughtful of their souls' salvation.

More than twenty give evidence of the new life at Palmyra, where Brother Southard has been holding special services.

Bro. Winslow received fifteen into the church at Dover last week.

A good interest has prevailed in five districts of the Moxo circuit, and twenty persons have been hopefully converted.

Bro. Towle is engaged in a good religious interest at Plymouth. Eight have sought Christ, and we look for more to follow.

Bro. Walker, of Lagrange, is in the midst of earnest Christian work. Several have been converted on the charge and joined the classes, and two have been received in full. The Bradford people manifested their interest in the pastor by having a generous gathering for his interest.

At Atkinson, Bro. Winslow has received seven on probation during the quarter, and in the Gould district eight have sought Christ.

CONNECTICUT.

We clip the following from the New London Day, in relation to our esteemed presiding elder and wife:

"A large number of friends of Rev. Henry D. and Mrs. Robinson gathered at their residence Monday evening to congratulate them upon the occurrence of the 25th anniversary of their marriage and to show their love and love for their example. At 8 o'clock the room was filled with people. Rev. J. C. Gowen, Rev. Mr. Hawkins, of the Methodist church, followed with some very happy remarks which were exceedingly enjoyable to the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, and manifested the affection and good-will of all who met to observe the anniversary. Mrs. Joel Hawkins read an original poem, which was heartily applauded. Mr. Robinson spoke briefly, and was visibly moved by the affection which had been shown by the party. The evening passed pleasantly with singing and social conversation. The presents were very handsome, and will be highly prized by the recipients."

Bro. Robinson is trying by personal and other efforts to bring his district up to "the million dollar line," and the effort promises to be a success.

Gale's Ferry.—A good degree of religious interest prevails here. Some twenty have already commenced a new life.

Norwich, Central Church.—Bro. Stratton has been holding extra meetings for several weeks, having been assisted by Sister L. M. Boyd, Revs. C. C. Lathrop and A. Hart. A good work of grace has been wrought among Christians, and twelve or more have sought the Lord.

Norwich Town.—Bro. Baker is encouraged with an increased spiritual interest. Three rose for prayers, Dec. 6. Bro. Baker is planning for an extra effort soon. God grant him a powerful work!

Quarryville.—Here the church has been much encouraged and strengthened by a series of extra meetings, which have just closed. Several have entered "the strait way," and others are seeking "the way."

Rockville.—Three have recently been received into full membership, the congregation and Sunday-school have increased somewhat in numbers, and a more general spirit of hopefulness prevails. A series of lectures have been held, and the lectures of Rev. O. S. Baker on "Sights and Insights at Chautauqua," and Rev. C. B. Piblado, on "Men for the Times," are specially alluded to as making a healthful impression. The who's series was a success.

B.

Obituaries.

[Hereafter, all obituaries (with the exception of those already on hand) will be limited to a maximum of forty lines each, in small type; and for every line exceeding this number, the usual advertising rates—twenty cents a line—will be charged.]

Died, in Sidney, Maine, Nov. 7, 1885, ROBERT R. DRUMMOND, aged 68 years.

Some twelve years since, Bro. Drummond, the son of the laborer of Rev. N. C. Gilford, gave his heart to God, and became a member of the E. Church of Sidney. Though late in life when embracing the Saviour, his conversion was thorough and clear, and so apparent became his faith, exhibited by good works and his Christian character, that all who knew him were convinced beyond question that a very marked change had taken place in his death, he ever maintained unabashed confidence in the God of his fathers.

His opportunities for church worship and services were much limited; still was he ever ready and willing to bear his part in the burdens of his church, doing all in the extent of his ability—humble and hearty, and it may be truthfully said that his whole Christian life and confession were adorned by conscientious and loving fidelity to duty in his family and in his church.

The Bible was his constant and best companion, and it became to him "the Book of books," his lips ever speaking forth its precious truths.

"My name written there?" was the hymn he loved above all others.

His last sickness was brief indeed, being only two days in duration, so that his death came so unexpectedly that it fell like a pang stroke upon the entire community, especially upon the immediate family and relatives. The large place that he had occupied in the heart of his church was vacated by the great congregation that gathered at his funeral obsequies; and while we bowed over the lifeless yet peaceful form of our dear departed brother, we could not but feel our grief and loss was his infinite, his gain.

A widow and nine children survive him, upon whom this cloud of sorrow and bereavement rests with crushing weight, and our sympathy is that of a mother's pain near the side of the bed.

Bro. Drummond's wife, Mrs. Robert R. Drummond, is a widow, and has immediately removed to E. Sidney, and became a member of Mandarin Street M. E. Church, retaining her relation there until 1884, when the family removed to Wintrop, where she has since resided.

She was of Methodist parentage, and enjoyed during her childhood such privileges as were afforded by the circuit preaching of those days. She was a diligent student, and during a gracious revival, she was led to give her heart to the Saviour, and for forty years she was a faithful and devoted Christian. She spent most of her time in her native place and Newburyport until 1887, when she was married to Robert R. Drummond, and immediately removed to E. Sidney, and became

a member of Mandarin Street M. E. Church, retaining her relation there until 1884, when the family removed to Wintrop, where she has since resided.

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